

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

No. 33.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1822.

VOL. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth lovers, by fiction dress.—GRAY.

THE

STORY OF FATHER NICHOLAS.

Je n'arme contre lui que le fruit de son crime.—CARRILLON.

It was at a small town in Brittany, in which there was a convent of Benedictines, where particular circumstances had induced me to take up my residence for a few weeks. They had some pictures which strangers used to visit. I went with a party whose purpose was to look at them: mine in such places is rather to look at men. If in the world we behold the shifting scene which prompts observation, we see in such secluded societies a sort of still life, which nourishes thought, which gives subject for meditation. I confess, however, I have often been disappointed; I have seen a group of faces under their cowls, on which speculation could build nothing; mere common-place countenances, which might have equally well belonged to a corporation of bakers or butchers. Most of those in the convent I now visited were of that kind: one, however, was of a very superior order; that of a monk, who knelt at a distance from the altar, near a Gothic window, through the painted panes of which a gleamy light touched his forehead, and threw a dark Rembrandt shade on the hollow of a large, black, melancholy eye. It was impossible not to take notice of him. He looked up, involuntarily, no doubt, to a picture of our Saviour bearing his cross. The similarity of the attitude, and the quiet resignation of the two countenances, formed a resemblance that could not but strike every one. "It is Father Nicholas," whispered our conductor, "who is of all the brotherhood the most rigid to himself, and the kindest to other men. To the distressed, to the sick, and to the dying, he is always ready to administer assistance and consolation. Nobody ever told him a misfortune in which he did not take an interest; or request good offices which he refused to grant: yet the austerity and mortification of his own life are beyond the strictest rules of his order; and it is only from what he does for others that one supposes him to feel any touch of humanity." The subject seemed to make our informer eloquent. I was young, curious, enthusiastic; it sunk into my heart, and I could not rest till I was made acquainted with Father Nicholas. Whether from the power of the introduction I procured, from his own benevolence, or from my deportment, the good man looked on me with the complacency of a parent. "It is not usual," said he, "my son, for people at your age to solicit acquaintance like mine. To you the world is in its prime; why should you anticipate its decay? Gaiety and cheerfulness spring up around you; why should you seek out the abodes of melancholy and of woe? Yet though dead to the pleasures, I am not insensible to the charities of life. I feel your kindness, and wish for an opportunity to requite it."

He perceived my turn for letters, and showed me some curious MSS. and some scarce books, which belonged to their convent: these were not the communications I sought; accident gave me an opportunity of obtaining the knowledge I valued more, the knowledge of Father Nicholas, the story of his sorrows, the cause of his austerities.

One evening when I entered his cell, after knocking at the door without being heard, I perceived him kneeling before a crucifix, to which was affixed a small picture, which I took to be that of the Blessed Virgin. I stood behind him, uncertain whether I should wait the close of his devotional exercise, or retire unperceived as I came. His face was covered with his hand, and I heard his stifled groans. A mixture of compassion and of curiosity fixed me to my place. He took his hands from his eyes with a quickened movement, as if a pang had forced them thence: he laid hold of the picture, which he kissed twice, pressed it to his bosom; and then gazing on it earnestly, burst into tears. After a few moments, he clasped his hands together, threw a look up to heaven, and muttering some words which I could not hear, drew a deep sigh, which seemed to close the account of his sorrows for the time, and rising from his knees, discovered me. I was ashamed of my situation, and stammered out some apology for my unintentional interruption of his devotions. "Alas!" said he, "be not deceived; these are not the tears of devotion; not the meltings of piety, but the wringings of remorse. Perhaps, young man, it may stand thee to be told the story of my sufferings and of my sins: ingenuous as thy nature seems, it may be exposed to temptations like mine; it may be the victim of laudable feelings perverted, of virtue betrayed, of false honour, and mistaken shame."

"My name is St. Hubert; my family ancient and respectable, though its domains, from various untoward events, had been contracted much within their former extent. I lost my father before I knew the misfortune of losing him; and the indulgence of my mother, who continued a widow, made up in the estimation of a young man, for any want of that protection or of guidance which another parent might have afforded. After having passed with applause through the ordinary studies which the capital of our province allowed an opportunity of acquiring, my mother sent me to Paris, along with the son of a neighbouring family, who, though of less honourable descent, was much richer than ours. Young Delasserre (that was my companion's name) was intended for the army: me, from particular circumstances, which promised success in that line, my mother and her friends had destined for the long robe, and had agreed for the purchase of a charge for me when I should be qualified for it. Delasserre had a sovereign contempt for any profession but that of arms, and took every opportunity of inspiring me with the same sentiments. In the capital I had this prejudice every day more and more confirmed. The fierce of every man who had served, the insolent superiority he claimed over his fellow-citizens, dazzled my ambition, and awed my bashfulness. From nature I had that extreme sensibility of shame, which could

not stand against the ridicule even of much inferior men. Ignorance would often confound me in matters of which I was perfectly well informed, from his superior effrontery; and the best established principles of my mind would sometimes yield to the impudence of assuming sophistry, or of unblushing vice. To the profession which my relations had marked out for me, attention, diligence, and sober manners were naturally attached; having once set down that profession as humiliating, I concluded its attendant qualities to be equally dishonourable. I was ashamed of virtues to which I was naturally inclined, a bully in vices which I hated and despised. Delasserre enjoyed my apostasy from innocence as a victory he had gained. At school he was much my inferior, and I attained every mark of distinction to which he had aspired in vain. In Paris he triumphed in his turn: his superior wealth enabled him to command the appearances of superior dignity and show; the cockade in his hat inspired a confidence which my situation did not allow; and, bold as he was in dissipation and debauchery, he led me as an inferior whom he had taught the art of living, whom he had first trained to independence and to manhood. My mother's ill-judged kindness supplied me with the means of those pleasures which my companions induced me to share, if pleasures they might be called, which I often partook with uneasiness, and reflected on with remorse. Sometimes, though but too seldom, I was as much a hypocrite on the other side; I was self-denied, beneficent, and virtuous by stealth; while the time and money which I had so employed, I boasted to my companions of having spent in debauchery, in riot, and in vice.

The habits of life, however, into which I had been led, began by degrees to blunt my natural feelings of rectitude, and to take from vice the restraints of conscience. But the dangerous connexion I had formed was broken off by the accident of Delasserre's receiving orders to join his regiment, then quartered at Dunkirk. At his desire, I gave him the conveyance as far as to a relation's house in Picardy, where he was to spend a day or two in his way. "I will introduce you," said he, in a tone of pleasantry, "because you will be a favourite; my cousin Santonges is as sober and precise as you were when I first found you." The good man whom he thus characterized, possessed indeed all those virtues of which the ridicule of Delasserre had sometimes made me ashamed, but which it had never made me entirely cease to revere. In his family I regained the station which, in our dissipated society at Paris, I had lost. His example encouraged and his precepts fortified my natural disposition to goodness; but his daughter, Emilia de Santonges, was a more interesting assistant to it. After my experience of the few of her sex with whom we were acquainted in town, the native beauty, the unaffected manners of Emilia, were infinitely attractive. Delasserre, however, found them insipid and tiresome. He left his kinsman's the third morning after his arrival, promising, as soon as his regiment should be reviewed, to meet me in Paris. "Except in Paris," said he, "we exist merely, but do not live." I found it very different. I lived but in the presence of Emilia

de Santonges. But why should I recall those days of purest felicity, or think of what my Emilia was? For not long after she was mine. In the winter they came to Paris, on account of her father's health, which was then rapidly on the decline. I tended him with that assiduity which was due to his friendship, which the company of Emilia made more an indulgence than a duty. Our cares, and the skill of his physicians, were fruitless. He died, and left his daughter to my friendship. It was then that I first dared to hope for her love; that over the grave of her father I mingled my tears with Emilia's, and tremblingly ventured to ask, if she thought me worthy of comforting her sorrows? Emilia was too innocent for disguise, too honest for affectation. She gave her hand to my virtues (for I then was virtuous,) to reward at the same time and to confirm them. We retired to Santonges, where we enjoyed as much felicity as perhaps the lot of humanity will allow. My Emilia's merit was equal to her happiness; and I may say without vanity, since it is now my shame, that the since wretched St. Hubert was then thought to deserve the blessings he enjoyed.

In this state of peaceful felicity we had lived something more than a year, when my Emilia found herself with child. On that occasion my anxiety was such as a husband who doats upon his wife may be supposed to feel. In consequence of that anxiety, I proposed our removing for some weeks to Paris, where she might have abler assistance than our province could afford in those moments of danger which she soon expected. To this she objected with earnestness, from a variety of motives, but most of my neighbours applauded my resolution; and one, who was the nephew of a farmer-general, and had purchased the estate on which his father had been a tenant, told me, the danger from their country accoucheurs was such, that nobody who could afford to go to Paris would think of trusting them. I was a little tender on the reproach of poverty, and absolutely determined for the journey. To induce my wife's consent, I had another pretext, being left executor to a friend who had died in Paris, and had effects remaining there. Emilia at last consented, and we removed to town accordingly.

For some time I scarcely ever left our hotel: it was the same at which Emilia and her father had lodged when he came to Paris to die, and leave her to my love. The recollection of those scenes, tender and interesting as they were, spread a sort of melancholy indulgence over our mutual society, by which the company of any third person could scarcely be brooked. My wife had some of those sad presages which women of her sensibility often feel in the condition she was then in. All my attention and solicitude were excited to combat her fears. "I shall not live," she would say, "to revisit Santonges: but my Henry will think of me there. In those woods in which we have so often walked, by that brook to the fall of which we have listened together, and felt in silence what language, at least what mine, my love, could not speak."

The good father was overpowered by the tenderness of the images that rushed upon his mind, and tears for a moment choked his utterance. After a short

space he began, with a voice faltering and weak :—

"Pardon the emotion that stopped my recital. You pity me; but it is not always that my tears are of so gentle a kind; the images her speech recalled softened my feelings into sorrow; but I am not worthy of them.—Hear the confession of my remorse.

The anxiety of my Emilia was at last dissipated by her safe delivery of a boy; and on this object of a new kind of tenderness we gazed with inexpressible delight. Emilia suckled the infant herself, as well from the idea of duty and of pleasure in tending it, as from the difficulty of finding in Paris a nurse to be trusted. We proposed returning to the country as soon as the re-establishment of her strength would permit: meantime, during her hours of rest, I generally went out to finish the business which the trust of my deceased friend had devolved upon me.

In passing through the Thuilleries, in one of those walks, I met my old companion Delaserré. He embraced me with a degree of warmth which I scarce expected from my knowledge of his disposition, or the length of time for which our correspondence had been broken off. He had heard, he said, accidentally, of my being in town, but had sought me for several days in vain. In truth, he was of all men one whom I was the most afraid of meeting. I had heard in the country of his unbounded dissipation and extravagance; and there were some stories to his prejudice which were only not believed, from an unwillingness to believe them in people whom the corruptions of the world had not familiarized to baseness; yet I found he still possessed a kind of superiority over my mind, which I was glad to excuse, by forcing myself to think him less unworthy than he was reported. After a variety of inquiries, and expressing his cordial satisfaction at the present happiness I enjoyed, he pressed me to spend that evening with him so earnestly, that though I had made it a sort of rule to be at home, I was ashamed to offer an apology, and agreed to meet him at the hour he appointed.

Our company consisted only of Delaserré himself, and two other officers, one a good deal older than any of us, who had the cross of St. Louis, and the rank of colonel, whom I thought the most agreeable man I had ever met with. The unwillingness with which I had left home, and the expectation of a very different sort of party where I was going, made me feel the present one doubly pleasant. My spirits, which were rather low when I went, from that constraint I was prepared for, rose in proportion to the pleasantness around me, and the perfect ease in which I found myself with this old officer who had information, wit, sentiment, every thing I valued most, and every thing I least expected in a society selected by Delaserré. It was late before we parted; and at parting I received, not without pleasure, an invitation from the colonel to sup with him the evening after.

The company at his house I found enlivened by his sister and a friend of her's, a widow, who, though not a perfect beauty, had a countenance that impressed one much more in her favour than mere beauty could. When silent, there was a certain softness in it infinitely bewitching; and when it was lightened up by the expression which her conversation gave, it was equally attractive. We happened to be placed next each other. Unused as I was to the little gallantries of fashionable life, I rather wished than hoped to make myself agreeable to her. She seemed, however, interested in my attentions and conversation, and in hers I found myself flattered at the same time and delighted. We played, against the inclination of this lady and me, and we won rather more than I wished. Had I been as rich as Delaserré, I should have objected to the deepness of the stakes; but we were the

only persons of the company that seemed uneasy at our success, and we parted with the most cordial good humour. Madame de Trenville (that was the widow's name,) smiling to the colonel, asked him to take his revenge at her house, and said, with an air of equal modesty and frankness, that as I had been the partner of her success, she hoped for the honour of my company, to take the chance of sharing a less favourable fortune.

At first my wife had expressed her satisfaction at my finding amusement in society, to relieve the duty of attending her. But when my absence grew very frequent, as indeed I was almost every day at Madame de Trenville's, though her words continued the same, she could not help expressing by her countenance her dissatisfaction at my absence. I perceived this at first with tenderness only, and next evening excused myself from keeping my engagement. But I found my wife's company not what it used to be; thoughtful, but afraid to trust one another with our thoughts, Emilia showed her uneasiness in her looks, and I covered mine but ill with an assumed gaiety of appearance.

The day following, Delaserré called, and saw Emilia for the first time. He rallied me gently for breaking my last night's appointment, and told me of another which he had made for me, which my wife insisted on my keeping. Her cousin applauded her conduct, and joked on the good government of wives. Before I went out in the evening, I came to wish Emilia good night. I thought I perceived a tear on her cheek, and would have staid, but for the shame of not going. The company perceived my want of gaiety, and Delaserré was merry on the occasion. Even my friend the colonel threw in a little railery on the subject of marriage. 'Twas the first time I felt somewhat awkward.

We played deeper and sat later than formerly; but I was to show myself not afraid of my wife, and objected to neither. I lost considerably, and returned home mortified and chagrined. I saw Emilia next morning, whose spirits were not high. Methought her looks reproached my conduct, and I was enough in the wrong to be angry that they did so. Delaserré came to take me to his house to dinner. He observed as we went, that Emilia looked ill. "Going to the country will re-establish her," said I.—"Do you leave Paris?" said he.—"In a few days."—"Had I such motives for remaining in it as you have?"—"What motives?"—"The attachment of such friends: but friendship is a cold word; the attachment of such a woman as De Trenville." I know not how I looked, but he pressed the subject no further; perhaps I was less offended than I ought to have been.

We went to that lady's house after dinner. She was dressed most elegantly, and looked more beautiful than ever I had seen her. The party was more numerous than usual, and there was more vivacity in it. The conversation turned upon my intention of leaving Paris; the ridicule of country manners, of country opinions, of the insipidity of country enjoyments, was kept up with infinite spirit by Delaserré, and most of the younger members of the company. Madame de Trenville did not join in their mirth, and sometimes looked at me as if the subject was too serious for her to be merry on. I was half ashamed and half sorry that I was going to the country; less uneasy than vain at the preference that was shown me.

I was a coward, however, in the wrong as well as in the right, and fell upon an expedient to screen myself from a discovery that might have saved me. I contrived to deceive my wife, and to conceal my visits to Madame de Trenville's, under the pretence of some perplexing incidents that had arisen in the management

of those affairs with which I was intrusted. Her mind was too pure for suspicion or for jealousy. It was easy even for a novice in falsehood, like me, to deceive her. But I had an able assistant in Delaserré, who now resumed the ascendancy over me he had formerly possessed, but with an attraction more powerful, from the insatiable attachment which my vanity and weakness, as much as her art and beauty, had made me conceive for Madame de Trenville.

It happened, that just at this time, a young man arrived from our province, and brought letters for Emilia from a female friend of hers in the neighbourhood of Santonges. He had been bred a miniature painter, and came to town for improvement in his art. Emilia, who doated on her little boy, proposed to him to draw his picture in the innocent attitude of his sleep. The young painter was pleased with the idea, provided she would allow him to paint the child in her arms. This was to be concealed from me, for the sake of surprising me with the picture when it should be finished. That she might have a better opportunity of effecting this little concealment, Emilia would often hear, with a sort of satisfaction, my engagements abroad, and encourage me to keep them, that the picture might advance in my absence.

She knew not what, during that absence, was my employment. The slave of vice and of profusion, I was violating my faith to her, in the arms of the most artful and worthless of women, and losing the fortune that should have supported my child and hers, to a set of cheats and villains. Such was the snare that Delaserré and his associates had drawn around me. It was covered with the appearance of love and generosity. De Trenville had art enough to make me believe that she was every way the victim of her affection for me. My first great losses at play she pretended to reimburse from her own private fortune, and then threw herself upon my honour, for relief from those distresses into which I had brought her. After having exhausted all the money I possessed, and all my credit could command, I would have stopped short of ruin; but when I thought of returning in disgrace and poverty to the place I had left respected and happy, I had not resolution enough to retreat. I took refuge in desperation, mortgaged the remains of my estate, and staked the produce to recover what I had lost, or to lose myself. The event was such as might have been expected.

After the dizzy horror of my situation had left me power to think, I hurried to Madame de Trenville's. She gave me such a reception as suited one who was no longer worth the deceiving. Conviction of her falsehood, and of that ruin to which she had been employed to lead me, flashed upon my mind. I left her with execrations, which she received with the coolness of hardened vice, of experienced seduction. I rushed from her house I knew not whither. My steps involuntarily led me home. At my own door I stopped, as if it had been death to enter. When I had shrunk back some paces, I turned again; twice did I attempt to knock, and could not; my heart throbbed with unspeakable horror, and my knees smote each other. It was night, and the street was dark and silent around me. I threw myself down before the door, and wished some ruffian's hand to ease me of life and thought together. At last the recollection of Emilia and of my infant boy crossed my disordered mind, and a gush of tenderness burst from my eyes. I rose, and knocked at the door. When I was let in, I went up softly to my wife's chamber. She was asleep, with a night-lamp burning by her, her child sleeping on her bosom, and its little hand grasping her neck. Think what I felt as I looked! She smiled through her sleep, and seemed to dream of happiness. My

brain began to madden again; and as the misery to which she must wake crossed my imagination, the horrible idea rose within me.—I shudder yet to tell it!—to murder them as they lay, and next myself!—I stretched my hand towards my wife's throat!—The infant unclasped its little fingers, and laid hold of one of mine. The gentle pressure wrung my heart; its softness returned: I burst into tears; but I could not stay to tell her of our ruin. I rushed out of the room, and, gaining an obscure hotel in a distant part of the town, wrote a few distracted lines, acquainting her of my folly and of my crimes; that I meant immediately to leave France, and not return till my penitence should wipe out my offences, and my industry repair that ruin in which I had involved her. I recommended her and my child to my mother's care, and to the protection of that heaven which she had never offended. Having sent this, I left Paris on the instant, and had walked several miles from town before it was light. At sunrise a stage-coach overtook me. It was going on the road to Brest. I entered it without arranging any future plan, and sat in sullen and gloomy silence, in the corner of the carriage. That day and next night I went on mechanically, with several other passengers, regardless of food, and incapable of rest. But the second day I found my strength fail, and when we stopped in the evening, I fell down in a faint in the passage of the inn. I was put to bed, it seems, and lay for more than a week in the stupefaction of a low fever.

A charitable brother of that order to which I now belong, who happened to be in the inn, attended me with the greatest care and humanity; and when I began to recover, the good old man ministered to my soul, as he had done for my body, that assistance and consolation he easily discovered it to need. By his tender assiduities I was now so far recruited as to be able to breathe the fresh air at the window of a little parlour. As I sat there one morning, the same stage-coach in which I had arrived, stopped at the door of the inn, when I saw alight out of it the young painter who had been recommended to us at Paris. The sight overpowered my weakness, and I fell lifeless from my seat. The incident brought several people into the room, and amongst others the young man himself. When they had restored me to sense, I had recollection enough to desire him to remain with me alone. It was some time before he recognised me; when he did, with horror in his aspect, after much hesitation, and the most solemn entreaty from me, he told me the dreadful sequel of my misfortunes. My wife and child were no more. The shock which my letter gave, the state of weakness she was then in had not strength to support. The effects were a fever, delirium, and death. Her infant perished with her. In the interval of reason preceding her death, she called him to her bed-side; gave him the picture he had drawn; and with her last breath charged him, if ever he could find me out, to deliver that and her forgiveness to me. He put it into my hand. I know not how I survived. Perhaps it was owing to the worn-out state in which my disease had left me. My heart was too weak to burst, and there was a sort of palsy on my mind that seemed insensible to its calamities. By that holy man who had once before saved me from death, I was placed here, where, except one melancholy journey to the spot where they had laid my Emilia and her boy, I have ever since remained. My story is unknown, and they wonder at the severity of that life by which I endeavour to atone for my offences. But it is not by suffering alone that Heaven is reconciled; I endeavour by works of charity and beneficence to make my being not hateful in its sight. Blessed be God! I have attained the consolation I wished. Already

on my wasting days a beam of mercy sheds its celestial light. The visions of this flinty couch are changed to mildness. 'Twas but last night Emilia beckoned me in smiles; this little cherub was with her!"

His voice ceased; he looked on the picture, then towards heaven; and a faint glow crossed the paleness of his cheek. I stood awe-struck at the sight. The bell for vespers tolled—he took my hand—I kissed his, and my tears began to drop on it—"My son," said he, "to feelings like yours it may not be unpleasant to recall my story. If the world allure thee, if vice ensnare with its pleasures, or abash with its ridicule, think of Father Nicholas—be virtuous, and be happy."

ISAAC THE CROYER.

Every body who has seen Amsterdam, must know that a very useful class of men, called the Croyers, reside there. They generally trundle a wheel-barrow before them, attend mercantile houses, carry letters, messages, burthens, and make out to procure a comfortable subsistence; and some of them something more.

There was one of these whose name was Isaac. He was called Isaac the Croyer. He seemed to be at the top of his business, and was computed to be a warm fellow, and was worth 10,000 guilders, nearly 1000*l.* sterling. As Isaac had acquired this property by industry and attention, so he laboured cheerfully to increase it by economy and frugality. Naturally parsimonious, he and his wife seemed to have no other view than the increase of their guilders. They lived in a kind of a cellar-kitchen, which, though sometimes damp, was always comfortable. An adjacent old clothes man furnished their wardrobe. Thus situated, as our Isaac was returning from his accustomed services, he stopped at a place called Rag Fair. Seeing a hat newly new, and likely to go off very cheap, he bid for it, and on paying five guilders, a very small sum considering its real value, the hat was Isaac's. Although he had never indulged himself in such extravagance before, his wife (notwithstanding the natural aversion of women to dress) liked the bargain well enough, as it was but for once. On the following day, Isaac and his wife, as usual, went to church; the hat pleased mightily. Yet every thing did not suit, for Isaac wore a cap; it was therefore determined that by the next Sunday, he should buy a perriwig. He recollected the place of his late purchase, and that also for a rider, about fourteen guilders, supplied him with a good wig. Behold Isaac and his wife strutting forth, the envy and admiration of all his profession. One of these acquaintances happened, however, to laugh at him for wearing a fine hat and peruke, with a short jacket without any cuffs or collar; a conference was held, and for a few guilders more, Isaac shone forth in a pretty decent half cast black coat and ruffles. All was still tolerable. Isaac laboured as usual; and their money, notwithstanding the late purchases, did not decrease.

Near Isaac's lowly habitation, was the residence of a barber; his lady kept the best company in town, and entertained them very genteely; indeed, she gave the ton to the whole street. Perceiving Isaac to mend in his Sunday appearance, she thought it her duty to bring Isaac's wife forward, as Isaac in time might be a customer. Ruminating upon this, when she was returning from carrying a new dressed wig home, she stopped to see the old woman, and just to chat a bit with her. The Croyer came home in the evening. "My dear," says his wife, "do not you find our kitchen grows very damp? bless me, (says she coughing) it will certainly kill me, I shall die of a consumption." A constant repetition of the same thing, sometimes forces conviction. He

determined to hire a small room in a garret, but he did not know what to do with his wheel-barrow. After some reflection and talk with his wife, he hired a small, decent little house. This required 3000 additional guilders a year, rent. To be sure the house must be painted; and no soul could endure it without being white-washed; and as the cough and dampness continued, the barber's wife told the old woman nothing would cure it but a carpet; and she would come the next day and drink tea with her. This was a sore stroke: Isaac and his wife had never drank tea in style; and they hardly knew the use of the carpet. The bag of guilders was however broke in upon; and considering every thing, Isaac's wife was told at the tea table, that in the course of two or three years she might be pretty genteel, if she would but keep high company.

The barber's wife had some grand acquaintances; among others was Yffrow Vander Fliss, a very handsome lady, about as big as a hogshead: her friends, however, overlooked this. To the Yffrow, Isaac's wife was introduced. She lived in a high house, which served as a store-house for Dutch cheese and herrings. Isaac's wife became quite polished; Isaac himself was introduced to Mynheer, who very civilly treated him with a bottle of his own brewing wine. On the Sunday following, Isaac, instead of regaling himself in his walk with a light, cheap beverage, was in a circle of Dutch wits. They talked about the fisheries, ridiculed the states, and abused the stadtholder. Isaac became a new man, he got the newspapers read to him, learnt to drink claret on Sunday, and talk politics. His wife one evening was taken very ill. After some little time, however, she got over her fit. Isaac tenderly inquiring after the reason of her illness, was very much enraged to find that in a select party, that afternoon, Mrs. Van Spachad declared that she could not stay where Isaac's wife was; he was Croyer, lived in a small house, and trundled a wheel-barrow: when the Croyer heard this, he swore he would challenge her. His wife, however, would not suffer him to risk his life, and therefore very prudently exchanged the challenge in hiring a larger house, and burning the wheel-barrow; the rent startled Isaac; it was three hundred guilders more than he had ever given. But this was laughed at by a large party of friends who came to spend the afternoon and evening at his house. Launched forth into the circle of splendour and gaiety, their company was universally courted, and their table generally honoured with friends and acquaintances. Isaac's wife had the finest carpets, the best furnished house, and the greatest quantity of plate of any person of her acquaintance. Dinners, suppers, tea-parties, all contributed to her amusement, for Isaac, as it is the duty of all good husbands, denied her nothing. His friends too were very kind. They would often borrow 20 or 40, 100 or 200 guilders from him. If Isaac had not been a gentleman, and a man of honour, they declared they would not have condescended to make the loan.

This lasted three years. One morning Mynheer Vander Fliss sent in his account of wines, groceries, &c. Isaac was alarmed at the amount. The bag of guilders was resorted to, but that was insufficient. Three days after, an officer of justice seized the property and the person of the Croyer. The sale of the former barely satisfied his creditors; the latter was liberated from prison. Isaac and his wife execrated their first step from their former situation. The wig and the hat were condemned to the flames. The charity of some well-disposed burghers induced them to lend Isaac at 100 per cent. interest, a sufficient number of guilders to purchase a wheel-barrow that he might resume his former occupation. And it is a standing proverb

to this day at Amsterdam, when a man or his wife forget their situation, and aspire beyond their circumstances, to say, "he's turning Isaac the Croyer." No man trusts him after this; and his character is blasted for ever.

THE GLEANER.

And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loaves and who wins; who's in and who's out;
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE.

The late Lord Orford.—No man ever sacrificed so much time, or so much property, on practical or speculative sporting as the late Earl of Orford, whose eccentricities are too firmly indented upon "the tablet of the memory," ever to be obliterated from the diversified rays of retrospection. Incessantly engaged in the pursuit of sport and new inventions, he introduced more whimsicalities, more experimental genius, and enthusiastic zeal than any man ever did before him, or most probably any other man ever may attempt to do again.

Among his experiments of fancy, was a determination to drive four red-deer stags in a phaeton instead of horses, and these he had reduced to perfect discipline for his excursions and short journeys upon the road: but, unfortunately, as he was one day driving to Newmarket, their ears were saluted with the cry of a pack of hounds, which, soon after crossing the road in the rear, caught scent of the "four in hand," and commenced a new kind of chase, with "breast-high" alacrity. The novelty of this scene was rich beyond description. In vain did his lordship exert all his chariot-teering skill; in vain did his well-trained grooms energetically endeavour to ride before them; reins, trammels, and the weight of the carriage, were of no effect, for they went with the celerity of a whirlwind; and this modern Phaeton, in the midst of his electrical vibrations of fear, bid fair to experience the fate of his namesake. Luckily, however, his Lordship had been accustomed to drive this set of "fiery-eyed steeds" to the Ram Inn, at Newmarket, which was most happily at hand, and to this his Lordship's most fervent prayers and ejaculations had been ardently directed: into the yard they suddenly bounded, to the dismay of ostlers and stable-boys, who seemed to have lost every faculty upon the occasion. Here they were luckily overpowered, and the stags, the phaeton, and his Lordship were all instantaneously huddled together in a barn, just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.

Dr. Garth.—While the celebrated Dr. Garth was one day detained in his carriage in a little street near Covent-garden, in consequence of a battle between two females, an old woman hobbled out of a cellar, and begged of him for God's sake to take a look at her husband, who was in a mortal bad way, adding, "I know you are a sweet-tempered gentleman, as well as a cute doctor, and therefore make bold to ask your advice, for which I shall be obliged to you as long as I live." The doctor, whose good nature was equal to his medical skill, quitted his carriage immediately, and followed the old woman to her husband; but finding that he wanted food more than physic, sat down and wrote a cheque on his banker for ten pounds, which he presented to the wretched couple.

The Fencer.—A French captain of cavalry, after the battle of Waterloo, paid Corfu a visit on his way to Albania, where he hoped to meet with a situation under Ali Pacha. Learning the temper of the Corfuotes, and being himself an admirable fencer, he caused bills to be circulated throughout the town, challenging both British and natives to a public trial of skill: the latter only accepted it, to the number

of eight. At an early hour the theatre was crowded to excess by all ranks, anxious to witness the Captain's performance. The curtain drew up, and a trifling display of fencing took place until the Frenchman's appearance on the stage: he was greeted very cordially by the audience; and his tall martial figure almost placed the odds in his favour. The usual ceremony took place of presenting foils, and the Frenchman succeeded in hitting all his opponents successively. The dexterity he showed in the management of the foil was wonderful; and the mortified candidates retired in disappointment. The Frenchman came forward amidst thunders of applause, and stated his willingness to meet any other gentleman. This produced a ninth competitor, who started forth to the surprise of all, and challenged the victor. He was a Neapolitan, of a middling height, firmly made, and was a left-handed fencer, which the captain noticing, stood in a more attentive posture. The audience waited in anxiety for the result, although each one felt positive of the Frenchman's success; but after five passes, the Neapolitan fairly bent his foil on the Frenchman's side. The applause that followed was tremendous, and became redoubled when it was discovered that the victor was no other than the governor's principal cook!

Fortitude and Presence of Mind.—While the city of Agrigentum in Sicily was held in miserable thralldom by the infamous tyrant PHALARIS, the philosopher ZENO had the courage to repair thither, with the hope that, by the mild precepts of philosophy, he might be able to reclaim him from his habits of cruelty. Unsuccessful in his benevolent endeavours, he secretly engaged a number of the principal citizens to form a party for the vindication of their liberties. But PHALARIS, having received intelligence of the plot, caused ZENO to be seized, and put to the torture, in order to wrest from him a discovery of his accomplices. Instead, however, of betraying any of their number, the philosopher named all the tyrant's most intimate friends and confidants, as confederates in the conspiracy: and, while yet on the rack, he so energetically harangued the spectators, on the blessings of liberty, and the cowardly baseness of submitting to so cruel a tyrant, that the entire population of Agrigentum suddenly rose as one man, attacked their oppressor, and stoned him to death.

Kokant Tartars.—The account which has recently been published of the very interesting journey which the Russian Embassy made to the Tartar country of Kokant (in Central Asia), informs us that the inhabitants speak the Turkish language in the greatest purity, and are very far advanced in civilization. The strictest probity is stated to prevail among them.—Whoever is convicted of imposition, is immediately stripped of all his clothes, without respect to person, scourged with whips through all the streets, and compelled to proclaim himself aloud to be a cheat. Their lawsuits are carried on without any records of the proceedings. The priests are their judges, who in large assemblies, at which the commander in chief presides, hear causes and pass sentence. Treachery and usury are punished with death. The property of a person executed falls to the public treasury; his wives and grown-up daughters are given in marriage to common soldiers. For theft, one or both hands are lopped off, according to the value of the thing stolen: immediately after the execution of the sentence, the stumps of the arms are dipped in boiling oil, and the thief is then suffered to depart as incapable of farther mischief. A murderer is given up to the relations of the persons murdered, who are at liberty either to kill him or sell him. Adulteresses are buried in the earth up to the breast, and then stoned to death by the people.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd

CORRE.

CUSTOMS AND MANNERS IN NORWAY.

We make the following extract from an agreeable account, by Mr. William Bullock of London, of an excursion into Norway, for the purpose of procuring a head of Rein Deer.

On my arrival I presented a letter from the Director of the copper-works at Rorås to the surly-looking master of Northveigan; who, though his dress and general appearance, reminded me strongly of the hero of Old Mortality, was as good-natured a simple fellow as ever I met with.

Having set before us boiled fish, called Seake, caught in the neighbouring lake, he offered to accompany us to the Fins, who were sitting (as is here termed) about three miles distant. I was too anxious to get amongst these extraordinary people to refuse his offer. Having taken off my large boots, retaining only a pair of shoes made of rein skin, we set out, taking with us a small keg of brandy, which we determined to administer as sparingly as possible, but without which it was needless to go, if we expected to be treated civilly. After a little more than an hour's walk, the barking of three or four small dogs informed us we were approaching the Coy, and a few minutes afterwards, a full chorus of between twenty and thirty curs welcomed us to the abodes of these children of nature. At first I only observed one man standing, with his hand thrust into the breast of his mud, or upper garment: seeing we were strangers, he busied himself in driving away the swarms of dogs which surrounded us, and invited us into his coy (I was going to say, but I think improperly, as every house contains three and often four large families.) On entering we found several women at work, some making purses, others clothes, a couple dressing skins, and two or three men lolling on the rein deer's hides spread for the purpose of sitting or sleeping on. They immediately moved to make room for us. Accustomed as I had been to the Fins, and acquainted as I was with their manner of living, it was not without difficulty I could bring myself to think the miserable hut in which I was seated was not rather a temporary retreat from the storm which had just arisen, than the chosen residence of the beings who surrounded me. After observing the women a short time, who, without taking much notice of us, continued their occupations, I made my survey of the house, which I think worthy of particular description. It was in shape a cone, 14 feet in diameter, and 6 feet high; it was, therefore, impossible to stand upright, except under the centre, which, you know, is always occupied by the fire. The supports are six or eight birch poles joined at the top, and fastened into the ground: over these are placed the trunks of small firs or pines, split down the middle, with their bark side outward; these reach within about a foot of the top, so as to leave an opening for the escape of the smoke; the crevices are then stopped with moss and birch-twigs; over this is spread a quantity of small branches, pine or fir, and the whole covered well with snow. The doorway is so extremely small, that even a moderate sized person has difficulty in creeping in. The door itself is simply a piece of wadmul cloth, often barely large enough to cover the aperture it is designed to close. They keep it extended by two strips of wood placed across it, and are always careful to shut it, as its being left open causes so great a draught, as to fill the coy with the ashes suffered to accumulate in the fire-place.

Their furniture was quite as simple as their mansion, and consisted of three iron and two brass pots, two iron bars hung from the roof for the purpose of suspending in the pans over the fire; from eight

to ten wooden bowls and ladles; spoons of rein deer's horns, wood, and one of silver, of a very antique form and workmanship; two small silver cups for brandy; a kind of fork, the handle about two feet long, with two curved prongs, and about two inches long, not placed at the end, but protruding from the side, used for taking the meat from the pot; leather bags for putting their bowls into; and every lady a work-box, finely ornamented with iron, and a lock and key. Round the fire is a circle of stones, some large, others small, without the smallest attention paid to their arrangement; from these stones to the side of the coy is spread with fine birch branches, which (deer skins being laid over them) serve for beds and seats. I must next describe to you what I think I may properly call a Lapland store-house; this is a rude uncovered kind of stage, raised about seven feet from the ground, generally ten feet long, and from three to four wide, composed of rough birch poles, commonly supported at one end by a couple of trees, at the other by crooked pieces of birch; on it they lay their large sledges, which serve them as cupboards. They are usually covered, and some of them have locks; in these are kept salt herrings, of which the natives seem particularly fond; meal; at times, as a great luxury, a few cakes of rye or barley; salt; their clothes, any garments manufactured for sale, dressed skins, &c. &c. On the tree and poles which support them, they hang their venison, bridles, harness and guns. The driving sledges are always put up as soon as brought in, to prevent the loops (made of sinews, fastened in their sides for the purpose of passing the cord through, which laces the covering of the sledge) being gnawed by the dogs. On our return we found the farm-house put in order, the floor strewn with pine leaves (a common custom,) which gave an agreeable odour; indeed every thing showed an attention to cleanliness and comfort which would be looked for in vain in the west of Norway. We had excellent coffee, good cream, and boiled milk; and our landlady did not lick the spoons, by way of cleansing them, as is often practised in other parts of this country. My bed was also clean, and I slept soundly until awoke in the morning by the howling of a storm of wind and snow, which raged for some time with such violence, that I thought it impossible that any thing could withstand it; the house literally shook, and from the noise made by the windows I expected to see them desert their casements; the snow was drifted along in such volumes as to render imperceptible even large objects at the distance of 50 yards; the lake in front of the house, upwards of a mile broad, and doubly that length, was completely cleared of the snow which the day before had laid on its icy surface to the depth of two feet; the tops of many small hills were left bare, and several large firs and pines were torn up. After I had finished my repast, I was shown the stable, and from thence conducted to the cow-house, which was very neat and commodious. I thought this an excellent opportunity of inquiring into the truth of a statement made by some travellers in this part of Norway: I allude to their feeding the cows in winter with horse-dung. As I did not perfectly believe it, I felt a little hesitation in asking the question; for, if the custom did not exist, I thought they might conceive I meant to affront them. I was soon, however, relieved, by seeing the girl who attends them place a tub full of this sweet commodity before one of the cows, which began instantly to devour it. When I told them such a circumstance would scarcely be believed in England, they were greatly surprised; said the cows would not milk so well without it, and wondered we did not give it to them. To shew me they were fond of it, the tub was taken away; upon which colly turned round, and begged its return in accents too plain to be

misunderstood. Moss (rein moss) and hay were given her, but she touched neither until the vessel containing this favourite repast had been restored and completely emptied.

LITERATURE.

Analytical Dictionary of the English Language, in which the words are explained in the order of their Natural Affinity, independent of Alphabetical arrangement, and the signification of each is traced from its Etymology, &c.

The first part of a work, bearing the above title, from the pen of David Booth, has made its appearance in London, and has attracted considerable notice among the literati. The *Literary Gazette* speaks of it as a production of "learning, ingenuity, research, and talent;" and recommends it "to notice on account of its amusing interest and curious combinations." The author's plan has been to "arrange the words into classes, placing under one head all that are derived from the same root: thus, when the word MAN is sufficiently explained, its various compounds follow, such as *manful, manly, manhood, unmanly*, &c. When the fundamental part, or root, is not found in its simple state in the English language, (as in the case of *homicide, humanity*, &c. from the Latin *homo*.) search is made in other tongues where it is usually discovered. Where this search has been made in vain, the idea expressed by the fundamental syllable is gathered from a comparison of its compounds.

"A marked feature" (continues the author,) in the plan of this Dictionary, and that which will distinguish it from every other that has hitherto appeared, is its perfect freedom from the fetters of alphabetical arrangement. In consequence of this emancipation, he is persuaded that he has been enabled materially to improve his definitions, both as to correctness and to perspicuity, while the ease of consultation will be sufficiently provided for by an Index. By the ordinary arrangement, words that have the most intimate connexion in their nature, or in their etymology, are often separated by hundreds of pages. No subject, however interesting, can be dwelt upon for a moment:—the thread of thought is continually cut asunder by the inexorable battalions of rank and file; and the whole frame of language, which might exhibit no imperfect history of the human mind, is so torn and disjointed, that we view it with pain. All is chaos, without a ray of creative light:—the lamps of genius are broken into atoms. Who ever read ten successive pages of a Dictionary, without the feeling of lassitude, or the approach of sleep? It is not thus that language should be taught; and the writer will certainly feel mortified at his want of success, if the reader of the Analytical Dictionary shall not be interested in the perusal, as well as benefited by the consultation."

Our limits preclude our giving as many extracts from this curious work as we could have wished. The following, however, will enable the reader to form a pretty correct idea of the author's plan:—

Beginning with the word *Man*, common to all the Gothic dialects, he is led to *Woman, Male, Female, Wife*, all the derivatives of *homo* and *vir*, *Baron, Virtue*, &c. &c. till he comes, *ex. gr.* to *Monkey*, of which it is said:

We take it for granted that *MONKEY* is a diminutive of *Man*. There are three marked divisions of this tribe of animals, with names that are probably from a similar origin. The Saxon *Apa* was equivalent to our *APE*, and seems to be merely a varied pronunciation of the Gothic *Aba*, a *Man*. *BABOON* is the augmentative of *Babe*, as if we were to say, a large child. These different species are com-

monly distinguished by their size, Baboons being, generally, the largest, and Monkeys the smallest. They are more accurately known from the Apes having no tails.—the Baboons having short ones, and the Monkeys long. Their moral qualities too are understood to differ; and we have some derivatives formed upon this hypothesis: To *APE*, is to imitate; an *Ape* is, metaphorically, a clumsy imitator, and *APISHNESS* is mimicry. *APISH* and *APISHLY* are the adjective and adverb. An impatient coxcomb is, reproachfully, termed a *JACKANAPES*, which, however, would not well apply to a man of large size.—*Monkey* is used, occasionally, without reference to the animal. In that case, like all other diminutives, it expresses either contempt, or endearment, as the speaker feels. It is supposed to be more tricky and wanton than the *Ape*. A foolish fellow, whose manners are similar to those of an overgrown child, is sometimes termed a *Baboon*. Writers have occasionally confounded the distinctions here given, as well as the names of the animals themselves; but, were we to follow the mistakes of every author as laws of language, our definitions, by denoting every thing, would cease to have a meaning.

INFANT, from the Latin *infans*, which literally signifies *not speaking*, is an appellation of a young Child; and the period of *INFANCY* is, in that sense, ended when the child can speak. *INFANTIDE*, or *INFANTINE*, is the characteristic epithet for such children. *INFANTICIDE* (child-murder) has been already noticed. But the several periods of life.—*Infancy*, *Childhood*, and *Manhood*,—have, independent of their etymology, particular and definite applications from legal Institutions. To these we can only generally advert, it not being our intention to enter, minutely, into the usages of Law. In that science, a child is said to be an *Infant* as long as it is presumed to be unable to *speak* for itself in a Court of Justice. This period varies with the point at issue; and every one is, partially, in the state of *Infancy* until he, or she, attain the age of *MANHOOD* or *WOMANHOOD*, which, in this country, is at twenty-one years. This is called the age of *MAJORITY*. The child becomes *MAJOR*. He was formerly a *MINOR*, or in the state of *MINORITY*. *MINOR* and *MAJOR* are Latin words signifying *less* and *greater*; and, in these senses, are applied generally, in English, independent of their use in the Law phrases here mentioned. The *Minor* part is the lesser part, and the *Major* part is the greater part of any thing. When there is a question of a number's being divided into two parts, as in decision by votes, the greater part is called the *Majority*, and the less the *Minority*. In a secondary sense *Major* also implies *superiority*; but this, with similar titles of *precedency* and *honour*, will be more conveniently explained in an after part of our work. At the age of *PUBERTY*, which is legally fixed at twelve for females and fourteen for males, the child enters into certain *rights*, and is liable to certain *duties*; but the explanation of all these would require a volume,—they form part of the study of the Laws of the Country.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts will attend.

BROOKS.

THE AUCTIONEER.

A SCENE EXHIBITED EACH DAY.

Speakers, the Auctioneer and his Assembly at a sale.

FIRST DAY'S SALE.

Auctioneer. Ladies and Gentlemen; the first lot I have the honour to propose to ye, is a literary performance of established reputation, which has stood the test of almost a century. Too much cannot be said, ladies and gentlemen, in favour of this inestimable work. I expect a strong

contention, in this discerning and respectable society, who shall be the purchaser of it. (Reads.) "Lot I. The works of Archbishop Tillotson, ten large volumes in octavo, elegantly bound in calf, and lettered." Will nobody bid for this valuable lot?—Are ye all mute? For shame, ladies and gentlemen, say something to begin with, if it be but three or four guineas—all dumb! Are none of you in want of a complete system of divinity? Are you all indifferent about acquiring the only true knowledge, such as will conduct you from the vale of tears to the regions of eternal bliss? Is an eternity of happiness a matter beneath the attention of this polite circle? A sure guide to heaven, as these volumes are allowed to be, is no contemptible lot.

A very old lady. Is the print large?

Auctioneer. Very large; and perfectly adapted to those candidates for immortality, whose mortal leases draw towards an expiration.

The same old lady. I'll give two shillings for the lot.

Auctioneer. Two shillings! You astonish me, madam. A pastry cook would give treble that sum for it, to incase his custards, tarts, and cheese-cakes.

The old lady. Tillotson's sermons are out of fashion. No person in his senses will advance upon my bidding. Modern divinity, indeed, might be sought after with some avidity: Dr. Thelipthora's performance would probably have found many approvers.

A trunk-maker. Two shillings and twopence.

Auctioneer. Going for two shillings and twopence! Going for two shillings and twopence!—It is a severe reflection upon the manners and taste of this august assembly, that Doctor Tillotson—the great, the learned, the pious, the orthodox Dr. Tillotson—should be knocked down for two shillings and twopence.—Going for two shillings and twopence, going, (hammer falls)—gone.

Auctioneer. If I am to have equal trouble with every lot, I shall hardly be able to get through my catalogue in the present year, 1822. Have a little mercy on me, gentlemen; consider the sufferings of those who are thus obliged to be incessant talkers. From the ladies I am to expect no compassion on this account; they will rather envy me for exercising their dear prerogative. The next article I have to offer will perhaps be better received than sermons. (Reads.) "Lot II. The Art of prolonging life to extreme old age, and to arrest the bloom of youth in the cheeks of the aged." Which, duly attended to, will insure a period of at least two hundred years, even to the most penny. One volume duodecimo, sewed in blue paper.

A young lady. Five shillings.

Another. Five and sixpence.

An old lady. Six and sixpence.

Another. Seven and sixpence.

A young gentleman. Eight shillings.

Another. Nine shillings and sixpence.

An old gentleman. Ten shillings and sixpence.

Auctioneer. Going for ten shillings and sixpence, going—going—for ten shillings and sixpence—going—(hammer drops)—gone. In these two lots it is but too apparent, that this life is preferred to what is generally called a better. It is imagined, perhaps, that the possession of a freehold for two hundred years is more desirable than a reversion for a much longer period. (Reads.) "Lot III. A Course of Morality, by Sylvanus Upright, A.M. one volume octavo, neatly bound." I expect that you will not long detain me upon this article. Mr. Upright and his book are equally known and esteemed. What do you say, gentlemen, for Upright's Course of Morality? Pray, gentlemen, bid something. Ladies, convince me that you have no aversion to morality, by making some offer for this valuable production.

A young lady. Sixpence.

Auctioneer. Going for sixpence, going—going—(hammer falls)—gone. I am sorry, madam, that morality is so slightly estimated by the fair, that not any one in this angelic group has thought proper to rate it beyond the value of a paltry sixpence. Perhaps the next article may please you better.

Lot IV. "The Noisy Nightingale; or Magazine of Mirth. Wherein double entendres, and every other species of indelicacy, are occasionally introduced, provided they have a tendency to circulate the broad laugh, and provoke an uproar of fun and pleasantry." Will any lady or gentleman bid for the Noisy Nightingale? It is a handsome pocket volume, well bound, and embellished with a frontispiece, which my delicacy will not permit me to enlarge upon; and were I to show it to any modest lady, the insult would be unpardonable. What is the most that will be given for this lot?

A young lady. Six shillings.

Another. Three half crowns.

An old lady. Half a guinea.

Auctioneer. You may bid thus for half an hour, ladies: you are not half way yet. The author is one of the choice spirits of the age.

A very old lady. Fifteen shillings.

Auctioneer. The appendix to this lot is worth double the money that has been bid for it. (Reads.) "To which is added, by way of Appendix, the Wagish Warbler, or the Budget of Fun, Frisk, and Frolic." This is a very scarce volume, ladies and gentlemen; it is entirely out of print. I could not procure another copy for five guineas—five guineas! No, not for three times five guineas!—Embrace the present moment, or—

A young lady. Twenty shillings.

Another. A guinea.

An old lady. Five and twenty shillings.

Auctioneer. Going for five and twenty shillings. Will nobody bid more than five and twenty shillings for this admirable lot? The Noisy Nightingale, with an Appendix of the Wagish Warbler, going for five and twenty shillings. (hammer drops)—gone.

SECOND DAY'S SALE.

Auctioneer. Ladies and gentlemen, the articles in this day's catalogue are immensely valuable. My poor endeavours will not be required to urge this society to bid nobly for such inestimable gems. (Reads.) "Lot I. (gentlemen and ladies) is a grain of Chastity, closely corked within this little phial."—It was once the property of Lady A. F. but she lost it in the shrubbery. Though afterwards found, it never was restored to its original owner, but has occasionally been possessed by many ladies of distinguished rank. Mrs. H— was the last proprietor of it, but she did not keep it many hours. It now belongs to a lady who is determined to part with it at any rate. Fortunately my wife has many grains or pennyweights of this commodity, scarce as it is, or I should not have suffered it to come under the hammer. (Reads.) "Lot I. Is a grain of chastity, carefully preserved." Does nobody bid for this lot?

A very old lady. One shilling.

Auctioneer. One shilling! only one shilling bid for a grain of chastity, closely corked in a phial and preserved. For shame, gentlemen and ladies; let it not be said that chastity is become a drug!—That white-robed innocence is so slightly estimated, as to be purchased with a single shilling!

A young lady. Thirteenpence-halfpenny.

Auctioneer. Go on, ladies and gentlemen, you are not half way. I must suppose my fair auditors have a stock by them of this article: far be it from me to insinuate that they consider it of no value: I will therefore charitably suppose that it is not so scarce an article as I apprehend. Going for thirteenpence halfpenny—going—(hammer falls)—gone.

Auctioneer. (Reads.) "Lot II. Nine-

teen scruples of private scandal, authenticated by strong probable surmises, worthy of being related as facts." Will any person say any thing for this lot?

A lady. Five guineas.

Another. Seven guineas.

A gentleman. Ten guineas.

A lady. Fifteen guineas.

A gentleman. Sixteen guineas.

A lady. Twenty-five guineas.

Auctioneer. Going for twenty-five guineas.—Nineteen scruples of private scandal going for twenty-five guineas. Going—going—(hammer falls)—gone. That lot ought to have fetched double the money, &c. &c.

BIOGRAPHY.

CHARACTER OF MONTESQUIEU.

The most profound ideas, often bold, dressed in lively animated language, a great knowledge of the different governments of Europe, and a tender regard for the happiness of mankind, will make Montesquieu ever revered in his works.

Montesquieu was not not less amiable for the qualities of his heart, than those of his mind. He ever appeared in the commerce of the world with good humour, cheerfulness, and gaiety. His conversation was easy, agreeable, and instructive. From the great number of men he had lived with, and the variety of manners he had studied. It was poignant like his stile, full of salt and pleasant sallies, free from invective and satire. No one could relate a narration with more vivacity, readiness, grace, and propriety. He knew that the close of a pleasing story is always the chief object; he therefore hastened to reach it, and always produced a happy effect, without creating too great an expectation. His frequent flights were very entertaining; and he constantly recovered himself by some unexpected stroke, which revived a conversation when it was drooping; but they were neither theatrically played off, forced, or impertinent. The fire of his wit gave them birth; but his judgment suppressed them in the course of a serious conversation: the wish of pleasing always made him suit himself to his company, without affectation or the desire of being clever. The agreeableness of his company was not only owing to his disposition and genius, but also to the peculiar method he observed in his studies. Though capable of the deepest and most intricate meditations, he never exhausted his powers, but always quitted his lucubrations before he felt the impulse of fatigue. He had a sense of glory; but he was not desirous of obtaining without meriting it. He never attempted to increase his reputation by those obscure and shameful means which dishonour the man, without increasing the fame of the author. Worthy of the highest distinction, and the greatest rewards, he required nothing, and was not astonished at being forgot: but he dared, even in the most critical circumstances, to protect, at court, men of letters who were persecuted, celebrated, and unhappy, and obtained them favour. Although he lived with the great, as well from his rank as a taste for society, their company was not essential to his happiness. He sequestered himself, whenever he could, in his villa: there with joy he embraced philosophy, erudition, and ease. Surrounded in his leisure hours with rustics, after having studied man in the commerce of the world and the history of nations, he studied him even in those simple beings, whose sole instructor was nature, and in them he found information. He cheerfully conversed with them: like Socrates he traced their genius, and he was as much pleased with their unadorned narrations as with the polished harangues of the great, particularly when he terminated their differences, and alleviated their grievances by his benefactions.

Nothing does greater honour to his memory than the economy with which he lived: it has indeed been deemed excessive in an avaricious and fastidious world, but little formed to judge of the motive of his conduct, and still less to feel it.

Beneficent and just, Montesquieu would not injure his family by the succours with which he aided the distressed, nor the extraordinary expense occasioned by his travels, the weakness of his sight, and the printing of his works. He transmitted to his children, without diminution or increase, the inheritance he received from his ancestors: he added nothing to it but the glory of his name, and the example of his life.

This illustrious man consecrated, as he himself acknowledges, twenty years to the composition of "the Spirit of Laws." When he found so many great men in France, England, and Germany, had written before him, he was amazed; but he did not lose courage, and might have said with Corregio, *ed io anche son pillore*; "and I am also a painter." It may easily be suggested that a vast number of volumes must have passed through his hands. His method was to make an extract of every thing he read. He never lost sight of his object: he had it incessantly before him, in the course of all his reading; he transcribed the passages which suited him, and underneath he placed his own ideas and reflexions. Thus were the materials of "the Spirit of Laws," compiled.

Montesquieu had made several voyages to gain a personal acquaintance with the manners, genius, and laws of the different nations of Europe. Whilst he was at Venice he wrote much and inquired more: his writings, which he did not keep sufficiently secret, had alarmed the state; he was informed of it, and it was hinted to him that he had some reason to be apprehensive that in crossing from Venice to Fucina, he might probably be arrested. With this information he embarked: about the middle of the passage, he saw several gondolas approach, and row round his vessel: terror seized him, and in his panic, he collected all his papers which contained his observations on Venice, and cast them into the sea. The author of the New Memoirs of Italy says, that the state had no design against his person, but only led to discover what plans he might have formed.

When the Spirit of Laws made its appearance, the Sorbonne found in it several propositions contrary to the doctrine of the catholic church. These doctors entered into a critical investigation of the work, which they generally censured; but as among the propositions condemned, there were found some concerning ecclesiastical jurisdiction which were attended with many difficulties, and as Montesquieu had promised to give a new edition, in which he would correct any passages that had appeared against religion, this censure of the Sorbonne did not appear.

It were to be wished, that this great man had given us a history. He had finished that of Lewis XI. of France, and the public was upon the point of reaping the benefit of his labours, when a singular mistake deprived them of it. Montesquieu one day left the rough draft and the copy of this history upon his table, when he ordered his secretary to burn the draft, and lock up the copy. The secretary obeyed in part, but left the copy upon the table: Montesquieu returning some hours after into his study, observed this copy, which he took for the draft, and threw it into the fire, in the opinion that his secretary had locked it up. It might be observed without appearing forced, that the elements, as well as men in power, seemed jealous of his superior merit, as water and fire deprived us of two of his most valuable productions.

Montesquieu was in general very kind to his servants: nevertheless, he was compelled one day to reprove them; when turning towards a visitor, he said with a

smile, "These are clocks that must be occasionally wound up."

In 1752, Daffier, who was celebrated for cutting medals, and particularly the English coin, went from London to Paris, to engrave that of the author of the Spirit of Laws; but Montesquieu modestly declined it. The artist said to him one day, "Do you think there is not as much pride in refusing my proposal, as if you accepted it?" Disarmed by this pleasantry, he yielded to Daffier's request.

When Montesquieu found himself at the point of death, he acquitted himself of all the duties of a Christian, and turning himself towards those who assisted him, he said, "I always respected religion: the moralities of the scripture is an excellent thing, and the choicest gift that God could make to man." These words have been considered as retracting every passage that might seem to attack religion either in his Persian Letters or his Spirit of Laws.

Montesquieu was born at the castle of La Brede, January 13, 1689. He was descended from a noble family of Guyenne. He was president of the parliament of Bordeaux, and member of the French academy. He was author of the Persian Letters, the Temple of Guano, a Treatise on the Greatness and Decay of the Romans, and the Spirit of Laws, which have been ranked amongst the original works that have done honour to the age of Louis XIV. He died at Paris the 10th of February 1755.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.
CAMPBELL.

Museum, Public Libraries, Learned Societies, Universities, and Special Schools of Literature, Science, and the Arts in Paris, in 1822. No. II.

Musée d'Histoire Naturelle et Jardin du Roi.—(Museum of Natural History and Botanical Garden.) One end of this museum extends to the Seine; it consists of a botanical garden, (*jardin des plantes*), of a gallery and a library for natural history, of a menagerie, or collection of foreign animals, and of an amphitheatre, or lecture-room.

Below the entrance from the city into the botanical garden, and on the left hand, there is a plantation of trees and shrubs, which rise to a considerable height, and have a beautiful appearance. In this fine grove formerly stood, under a noble cedar of Lebanon, a marble bust of Linnæus, the Swedish naturalist, and the inventor and founder of the modern system of natural history. This bust was destroyed at the time when the Vandal People *Souverain* amused themselves with spreading ruin and devastation, either by a cannon-ball, or some other violence; the cedar of Lebanon then lost its majestic top. Another bust of Linnæus, however, has been placed on a cippus at the end of the Botanical Garden, under the shade of some fine oaks.

The Botanical Garden is 330 toises or fathoms long, and 110 in breadth, partitioned lengthways, from its entrance down towards the Seine, by three very fine alleys, and intersected by various others, which terminate in the public promenades, or walks. Here is a great abundance of foreign plants and trees; and from hence all the botanical gardens of the central schools are supplied with seeds and with trees. In this garden there are above seven thousand plants, divided into classes and species in Jussieu's manner. There is a large collection of exotics enclosed in immense conservatories. Captain Baudin, in his travels into different parts of the world, collected a great variety of natural curiosities, and presented to this garden about 1000 different kinds of plants, besides assortments of seeds, and a considerable herbal.

The gallery of Natural History (*Cabinet d'Histoire Naturelle*). In this gallery is a beautiful and rare specimen of the giraffe, the hippopotamus, the crocodile of the Ganges, the walrus, and every animal that is curious and interesting. The collection of birds is said to contain a specimen of every species that has been seen in any part of the world. There are one hundred and forty species and varieties of the humming bird, about seventy of the owl, and ten of the birds of Paradise. The birds are all in excellent preservation, the plumage of its native hue; and being arranged in glass cases around the walls of the different rooms, the effect is very striking. There is also an astonishing collection of serpents of every size, colour, and variety, preserved in the greatest perfection. The number of butterflies and moths is truly surprising—from the smallest insect to the greatest moths, some of which measure nine inches from the tip of one wing to the other. Besides those exposed to view, the cabinet contains above 250 drawers, all filled with the insect and papiliaceous tribes. There are several rooms appropriated to minerals, petrifications, and shells, consisting of some of the finest specimens ever seen. The whole is arranged with consummate taste, and is unquestionably the first collection of natural history in the world.

The library, which is on the second floor, by the side of the gallery, contains from 9 to 10,000 volumes, relating to botany and several other branches of natural history. On the walls are hung several masterly paintings of plants and animals. This library was formed in the time of Louis XV. and has been continually increasing.

The menagerie of the Swiss valley offers to the eye a singular perspective. The animals are here in the open air, and walk about at perfect liberty. Each species preserves its own character, and has a house and little paddock agreeable to its particular habits. The greatest attention is paid to the health and comfort of the different quadrupeds. During the summer months, men are constantly employed in throwing cold water over the Greenland bears, and other northern animals, brought from the "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice."

The menagerie contains several lions and lionesses; dromedaries; camels; several bears; an ostrich; and a great number of other animals and remarkable birds, all kept apart; the fiercest animals in dens, with strong iron facings. The bears are kept in open courts several feet below the ground, with a wall in front to prevent accidents. In the den of one of the lionesses is a dog, which has been her companion for many years. The elephant, which was about nine feet high, extremely docile and obedient to all the commands of its keeper, died some months ago.

The Museum of Anatomy contains a great number of skeletons, forming a theatre of comparative anatomy, and anatomical preparations. In large cages are contained different birds of prey, such as eagles, kites, hawks, and storks.

The amphitheatre faces the garden on the left side; the forms of this lecture-room are all constructed in semi-circles, and rise regularly one above another. In the centre below stands the lecturer. There is in the same building a chemical laboratory. The museum is open to the public on stated days, from three o'clock till seven in summer; and from three o'clock till the end of the day in winter. The menagerie is open from eleven o'clock till one; and from three till five. Most of the professors and officers have a free residence in buildings belonging to this museum. The professors deliver public lectures in rotation, during the summer months. The other officers are a principal and sub-librarians, two keepers of the gallery for Natural History, a gardener, and a secretary.

Conservatoire des Arts & Metiers—(Conservatory of Machines), in the Abbey of Saint Martin. The Conservatory of Machines presents a splendid accumulation of useful machines, always open for the inspection and improvement of the public. According to the plan of the institution, it contains, or should contain, all the instruments of those arts, by the help of which men may nourish, clothe, lodge, and defend themselves; and it maintains a correspondence with all parts of the world. The machines which Pajot d'Ozembay gave to the ancient academy of sciences, and those which were added to them by that learned body, as well as the greater part of the beautiful models which composed the gallery of mechanical arts, belonging to the late Duke of Orleans, are now all collected in the Conservatory.

Besides these, there are above five hundred machines, bequeathed to the government in 1783, by the celebrated Vaucanson, to whom the French nation is as much indebted, as to Oliver de Serres, and Bernard Pelissy, the fathers of French agriculture and chemistry. The collection of Vaucanson comprises many ingenious machines for the preparation of threading materials, for carding and spinning cotton, twisting silk, and all kinds of weaving; shuttles for ribands and lace; instruments for knitting, for stuffs of different colours, and for fabricating at the same time several pieces in the same loom. These models have already multiplied the number of cotton spinners. One of these machines, which Vaucanson invented out of pique against the Lyoneses, is remarkable for its singularity. An ass, by turning a capstan, set in motion the shuttles and every part of the loom, and manufactured a druguet with flowers, a pattern of which has been preserved. Here are, also, the tools which Vaucanson used in the construction of his machines. The one employed for making iron chains is so simple, that a workman, in less than half an hour, may begin to use it. The strength of man is increased an hundred-fold by such inventions.

In addition to these collections, there is an immense number of machines relative to agricultural labours, such as draining, irrigation, preparation of oil, according to the Dutch process, &c. &c.; also the ingenious machines with which paper money has been fabricated, among which is the mechanical arithmetician or marker, of Richer, which, by a single motion of an entire printing-press, performs all the changes of numbers, in the natural order of the cyphers, from 1 to 9999.

At this place may be seen the model of the roof of a Gothic church, by which the internal structure is exhibited. There is also a model of the kitchen of St. Marie, an hospital at Florence, where twelve pots are boiled, and meat is roasted on three spits, all at the same time, with a very small fire. In the court is a curious machine, invented by the celebrated Montgolfier, with which water can be raised with a fall of five feet, to the top of a house, by a single *souape*, or plate of brass, so disposed as to open to admit the water, and shut when it is to be raised by compression: by increasing this compression, it has been raised to 1100 feet, and it can be carried to 2000. The process is the simplest of all mechanical operations.

AFFINITY BETWEEN THUNDER AND ELECTRICITY.

Although the discovery of the electricity of thunder is very recent, we find so certain and evident traces of it among the Ancients, that we cannot doubt of its having been observed by them. We shall relate several proofs which establish this assertion beyond dispute: they are supported by facts which we should have found great difficulty to explain before our knowledge of atmospheric electricity.

It is certain from the account of Herodotus, that people, two thousand years

ago, could attract lightning by sharp pointed rods of iron. According to that author, the Thracians disarmed Heaven of its thunder, by discharging arrows into the air, and the Hyperboreans could do the same by darting towards the clouds lances headed with pieces of sharp-pointed iron. These customs are so many circumstances which conducted to the discovery of electricity; a phenomenon known to the Greeks and Romans by certain effects which they attributed to the gods.

Pliny tells us it appeared from ancient annals, that by means of certain sacrifices and ceremonies, thunder could be made to descend, or, at least, that it could be obtained from the heavens. An ancient tradition relates, that this was practised in Etruria among the Volturnians, on account of a monster, called *Volta*, which, after having ravaged the country, had entered their city, and that their King, Porcenna, caused the fire of Heaven to fall upon it. Lucius Piso, a writer of great credit, in the first volume of his annals, says, that before Porcenna, Numa Pompilius had often done the same thing, and that Tullius Hostilius, because he deviated from the prescribed ceremonies when imitating this mysterious practice, was himself struck dead by the lightning, as Mr. Richman in our day, when repeating at Petersburg the experiment of Marly-la-Villé, with too little precaution. Livy mentions the same circumstance concerning Tullius Hostilius.

The Ancients had also an Elician Jupiter, who was called Stator the Thunderer, and Feretrian had upon this occasion the name of Elician.

During the night which preceded the victory gained by Posthumius over the Sabines, the Roman javelins emitted the same light as flambeaux. When Gylippus was going towards Syracuse, a flame was seen upon his lance, and the darts of the Roman soldiers appeared to be on fire.

According to Procopius, Heaven favoured the celebrated Belisarius with the same prodigy in the war against the Vandals. We read in Titus Livius, that Lucius Atreus having purchased a javelin for his son, who had been just enrolled as a soldier, this weapon appeared as if on fire, and emitted flames for the space of two hours, without being consumed. Plutarch, in the Life of Lysander, speaks of a luminous appearance, which must be attributed to electricity; and in the thirty-second chapter he relates two facts of the same nature: "The pikes of some soldiers in Sicily, and a cane which a horseman carried in his hand in Sardinia, appeared as if on fire. The coats were also luminous, and shone with repeated flashes." Pliny observed the same phenomenon. "I have seen," says he, "a light under this form upon the pikes of the soldiers who were on duty on the ramparts."

Cæsar, in his Commentaries, relates, that during the war in Africa, after a dreadful storm, which had thrown the whole Roman army into the greatest disorder, the points of the darts of many of the soldiers shone with a spontaneous light; a phenomenon which M. de Courtivon first referred to electricity.

To these let us join other facts of the same kind, which have been observed by the Moderns, and which all prove the close affinity between thunder and electricity. Upon one of the bastions of the Castle of Duino, situated in Frioul, on the shore of the Adriatic Sea, there has been from time immemorial a pike erected in a vertical position, with the point upwards. In summer, when the weather appears to portend a storm, the sentinel who is upon guard in that place examines the iron head of this pike, by presenting to it the point of a halberd, which is always kept there for that purpose; and when he perceives that the iron of the pike sparkles much, or that there is a small pencil of flame at its point, he rings a bell, which is near, in order to give notice to the people who

are at labour in the fields, or to the fishermen who are at sea, that they are threatened with a storm; and upon this signal every body makes for some place of shelter. The great antiquity of this practice is proved by the constant and unanimous tradition of the country; and by a letter of Father Imperati, a Benedictine, dated in 1602, in which he alludes to this custom of the inhabitants of Duino.

Mr. Watson relates, in the Philosophical Transactions, that, Mr. Binon, Curate of Plauzet in France affirmed, that, during twenty-seven years he had resided there, the three points or the cross of the staple seemed to be surrounded by a body of flame, in the time of great storms; and that when this phenomenon appeared, no danger was to be apprehended, as a calm soon succeeded.

Mr. Pacard, secretary to the parish of the Priory of the Mountain of Breven, opposite to Mount Blanc, causing some workmen to dig a foundation for a building, which he was desirous of erecting in the meadows of Pianpra, a violent storm came on, during which he took shelter under a rock not far distant, where he saw the electric fluid fall several times upon the top of a large iron lever, left fixed in the ground.

If we ascend the summit of any mountain, we may be electrified immediately in certain circumstances, and without any preparation, by a stormy cloud, in the same manner as the points of the weather-cocks and masts, as was experienced in 1767, by M. Pictet, M. de Saussure, and M. Jallabert, jun. on the top of Mount Breven. While the first of these Philosophers was interrogating the guides respecting the names of different mountains, and was pointing them out with his finger, that he might determine their position, and delineate them on the map, he felt, every time he raised his hand for that purpose, a kind of pricking sensation at the end of his finger, like that which is experienced when one approaches the conductor of an electrical machine strongly charged. The electricity of a stormy cloud, which was opposite to him, was the cause of this sensation. His companions and the guides observed the same effects; and the force of the electricity soon increasing, the sensation produced by it became every moment more perceptible; it was even accompanied with a kind of hissing. Jallabert, who had a gold band to his hat, heard a dreadful rumbling noise around his head, which the rest heard also when they put on his hat. They drew forth sparks from the gold button of the hat, as well as from the metal ferril of a large walking-stick; and as the storm was likely to become dangerous, they descended ten or twelve fathoms lower, where they perceived none of these phenomena. A small rain soon after fell, the storm was dispersed, and on their mounting again to the summit, they could discover no more signs of electricity.

AGRICULTURAL MEMORANDA.

Agricultural Experiment.—Dr. Adam Clarke, of Millbrook, England, gives the following account of a curious agricultural experiment, which he tried a few years ago:

"On June 10, 1816, I planted three grains of common red wheat, in what might be called good, but not rich ground, at Millbrook, in Eccleston, Lancashire. They sprouted well, and produced several side-shoots, which I had intended to divide and transplant early in August; but being from home, the transplanting was delayed till the 29th of the month. I then took up the three grains, and divided the shoots, which amounted to 150; but in transplanting, found I had room for only 126 plants, without going to a different soil. These 126 plants might be considered the produce of two and a half grains of wheat. A few of the slips died; the rest were healthy, and each put forth se-

veral side-shoots. Owing to the excessive wetness and backwardness of the season, I did not transplant these as soon as I could have wished; but,

"On October 18th, I took up all the survivors of the 126 plants, subdivided and transplanted them in a more open place, and found that the produce was 658 perfect wheat plants. I threw aside what might be called the produce of half a grain, and ascertained that at this second subdivision and transplanting, two grains of wheat had yielded 574 distinct plants, or 287 plants from one grain! I then committed the whole to the care of Divine Providence till the next spring, intending to subdivide and transplant the produce of those 574 plants twice in that season, should it be propitious.

"On Monday and Tuesday, March 24th and 25th, 1817, I took up the above plants, which had, in general, stood the winter very well; a few plants only having died, and a few been killed with the frost, which had been pretty keen for several mornings in the preceding week. As they had, in the course of the preceding October (the time of the last transplanting) and in the beginning of this spring, put forth several side-shoots, I again divided them, and found that one of the grains, that is, 287 plants, had multiplied itself into 900 plants, and the second grain into 916! These I planted in rows in a field, alongside of other wheat sown in the common way; setting the plants four inches asunder, and about ten inches between the rows. I once more committed these two grains, in their produce, to the care of that astonishing Providence which had multiplied one into nine hundred; and intended to subdivide once more, should the spring prove forward and favourable.

"The first week in April, there came a severe frost for four or five nights: and not having taken any precaution to defend these tender plants, one-third, at least, of the whole was killed. Finding that my experiment was thus necessarily rendered incomplete, I did not attempt any farther subdivision and transplanting. The remaining plants thrived, and were very healthy, and in general greatly surpass the other wheat in length and strength of stalk, and in length, bulk, and in weight of ear; many of the ears being five and six inches long, and the grains large and well-fed.

"As some of the more slender stalks did not ripen as soon as the rest, I left them growing after the field of wheat had been cut down; and, to complete the catastrophe of this experiment, fowls and birds destroyed one half of the crop! What remained, which amounted to several quarts, was of the finest quality: and had it not been for the preceding accidents, the result of this experiment would, I am satisfied, have astonished the most scientific agriculturalist in Europe."

NATURAL HISTORY.

Singular Filiation.—A partridge, followed by thirteen young ones, of a peculiar breed, was lately in the garden of the Duke of Buccleugh, at Langholm, Scotland. The parent bird, together with three others, was brought up last year by a common hen, and retained at the Lodge for the purpose of destroying vermin. At the approach of spring, however, three of the partridges were impelled by their instincts to seek a wider range of lawn, and cover; while the fourth, having become the constant companion of the gardener's dunghill cock, evinced no disposition to fly away. Chanticleer was gallant enough to repay the attachment of his companion, and willingly resigned a crumb of bread or a grain of barley to the speckled stranger. Unlike the patient hen, however, the partridge was so jealous, and so great an enemy to polygamy of any sort, that she attacked every other bird that offered to approach the cock, and from her supe-

rior activity generally had the best of it in all such encounters. At length the barn-yard representative of the Grand Seigneur having almost killed another cock, was consigned to the keeping of a person residing in a different part of the country. Thither, in spite of every obstacle, the partridge followed him, and in the course of her search was observed mingling with the poultry of different farms, one of them at least two miles distant from Langholm Lodge. At length both birds were restored to their paternal dunghill; but by this time the attachment of the partridge had begun to abate, and she was observed to be less and less in the cock's company, until she left it altogether. Shortly after she was discovered sitting under a cabbage on a nest that contained 15 eggs. The bird was quite tame, came when called on, and fed readily from the hands of persons with whom she was familiar.

Serpents.—Three fine specimens of the serpent tribes are now exhibiting in London. Two of them (says the editor of the Literary Gazette) are Boas, which have attracted the attention of the curious, from the circumstance of one having cast its skin, and the other being in the act of losing its outer covering. The former is more lively than its companion, which is comparatively dull and torpid. The head has a strange appearance, especially about the eyes, which look like horn organs in a mask, and are in fact little else. The motions of these enormous snakes are exceedingly beautiful; raising their heads as if by a magic power, when they assume a perpendicular direction; and when moving horizontally, undulating in the most sliding, graceful, and picturesque involutions. The action is visibly performed by the ribs within, which operate as a thousand feet to produce an almost imperceptible but rapid progress. The tongue is soft and harmless, resembling a swallow's tail, the danger from this animal being only in its tremendous power of compression and in its bite. The scales are smooth, and the colours varied and rich.

In a smaller cage (also lined with flannel, and the front well guarded with wire,) is a serpent of a more mortal character, and one which was never before brought alive to England: it is the famous Cobro de Capello, the Hooded or Spectacle Snake (*Coluber Naja* of Linnæus.) O. this venomous reptile the bite is certain and speedy death, unless a remedy is immediately applied. The specimen here exhibited is about five feet in length. Its head is flat, and its aspect singularly fierce and disagreeable. If provoked, it darts so furiously against the wires as to injure itself; and now seemingly aware of this, except much irritated, it only shows its resentment by hissing, erecting its head, and looking stedfastly at the assailant. The Boas under similar circumstances also hiss and endeavour to bite. On each side of the neck of the Cobro (which is very small) are radiations like lateral fins; and behind the two marks which procure it the name of Spectacle. Its colour is browner than that of the Boas, and the speckles by no means so brilliant. The scales are rough—generally if not always a characteristic of the poisonous serpent. The tongue forked, like the others, and harmless, the venom lying in grooves of the teeth. When deprived of these fangs, which are long and crooked, the Cobro is taught to dance to the Indian's pipe, and to writhe innocuously about his person. It is evidently the same snake which we see carved so often, and so highly venerated among the mystic symbols in Egyptian and oriental temples; and thus, besides its attractions to the naturalist, presents something of interest to the antiquary.

These animals have been about six weeks in England, and have as yet taken no fool. They drink a little, and void a

white fluid, which becomes hard. The Boas may be equal to swallow a fowl or a rabbit; while the Cobro would probably be contented with bread and milk or food of that kind.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. XXXIV. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Equivocation, or the History of Lady Forrest.—Adventures of a Bashful Man.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*Customs and Manners of the Parisians in 1822.*

LITERATURE.—*On Figurative Language, No. I.*

THE DRAMA.—*Dialogue between a London Traveller and a Waiter at a Scotch Inn.—The Curse of Mimicry.—Deaths on the Stage.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Character of Aristophanes.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Descent into the Crater of Mount Vesuvius by eight Frenchmen.—The Vegetable World, No. I.—Scientific and Literary Notices from foreign journals.—Natural History.*

POETRY, GLEANER, RECORD, DEATHS and MARRIAGES, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HAMLEY.

A plan is projected to unite the waters of Lake Ontario with Lake Champlain, by a canal across the country from Ogdensburg to Plattsburg. The expense of completing this canal will not, it is supposed, exceed 1,500,000 dollars.

During the last week near fifty arks arrived at Philadelphia with about 200 bushels of coal each, which is furnished by the Lehigh Company at the price of eight dollars and forty cents a ton, which is equal to 30 cents a bushel.

Marble, said to be equal to Italian, has been found on a farm, seven miles from Lancaster, Penn.

Mr. George Watson, a distinguished artist of Edinburgh, has presented the South Carolina Academy of Fine Arts with a splendid portrait of our celebrated countryman, Benjamin West, late President of the Royal Academy of London. The Academy have elected Mr. Watson an honorary member of their body.

Mr. John Fick, of Greenwich Lane, has selected from the half-acre of cabbage raised by him, as noticed by the Agricultural Society, seven heads which weigh 154 lbs.

A volume of Travels on the Nile, by Mr. George Bethune English, of Boston, has been published in London. This gentleman has returned, in good health, to his native place, after an absence of nearly ten years, which have been replete with uncommon incidents.

Captain Perkins, of the Missouri Fur Company, has arrived at St. Louis, with a boat load of furs and peltries worth \$14,000 from the Rocky Mountains. Another parcel belonging to the same Company, worth \$10,000 was on the river. The whole has descended the Yellow Stone river, and must have been transported 3000 miles.

MARRIED.

On the 14th inst. Walter S. Smith, M.D. to Miss Mary B. Kissam.

On the 15th inst. Mr. Daniel Kinsman, Esq. to Miss Sabina Barger.

On the 15th inst. Mr. Joseph Silva to Miss Eliza Pelton.

On the 16th inst. Mr. John Morgan to Miss Charlotte Ann Tryan.

On the 16th inst. Mr. William Yarwood to Miss Ann Clark.

On the 14th inst. Lieut. L. Twiggs to Miss Priscilla Decatur McKnight, niece of the late Commodore Stephen Decatur.

On the 20th inst. Mr. Thomas Van Vorst to Miss Eliza Van Horne.

DIED.

On the 14th inst. Mr. John Pool, aged 74 years.

On the 15th inst. (drowned) Jesse Alfred Buckley, aged 7 years.

On the 14th inst. Miss Isabella Stout, in the 36th year of her age.

On the 15th inst. Dr. Frederick P. Markham, of the U. S. Navy.

On the 17th inst. Mr. Thomas Heely, aged 38 years.

On the 17th inst. Capt. John Giezart, jun.

On the 17th inst. Miss Catherine H. Friedle, aged 13 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

CLARA AND URBINO.
No. III.

When, as I said, Count Lodi's steel had pierced
The bosom of his child, and he had left
The spot where he had done the fatal deed;
He sought his couch, while in his breast arose,
Emotions of a wild, and maniac joy.
"Now," he exclaimed, "dishonour is effaced,
"And none on earth will dare to cast reproach
Upon the Count of Lodi's lofty name."
But in his joy at intervals there came
Thoughts of remorse, and shame, and future woe.
And when he slept, his slumber was disturb'd,
By dreams of crime, and blood, and penitence,
And one who marked his visage as he dream'd,
Could see the workings of a soul in arms.
When morning came, and sleep had left his eyes,
Count Lodi's blood was equable and cool;
And then he dwelt with horror on the deed,
Which, on the eve, had dyed his hands with gore:
"And have I been," he asked, "a murderer,
"And have I robb'd a fellow man of life?
"Earth," he exclaimed, "receive me in thy breast,
"And hide my blood-stain'd countenance from men!"
Wild was his sorrow, wild were his complaints,
And told what Lodi's peace had flown away.
But when he found that his unfaithful hand
Had stab'd, not him he sm'd at, but his child,
The daughter of his love whom he had rear'd
From infancy, and fondled, and adored;
When he had found that Clara's cheek was pale,
And Clara's deep blue eye was fix'd in death,
And thought that he had torn the life from her,
The tumults in his soul were instant hush'd,
And all his mind and senses were absorbed
In one unquenchable and mighty woe.
His face was pale, his hair was turn'd to white,
The lightning in his eye had gone from it;
And on the dreary earth he walk'd alone,
The type of woe, a wretch, a penitent!
Not long he liv'd; the horrors of his age
Exhausted soon the current of his breath.
And when he sunk within the tomb, kind tears
Were shed upon the spot where he was laid.
But no erection marks his moulder'd clay,
For he had deem'd his memory unfit
To be upheld and cherish'd by mankind,
And had forbade all monument of him.
Thus, in the grave have perish'd all the hopes,
And all the prospects of those noble three.
There has their lofty lineage found a goal,
There do they rest, forgotten and decayed.

LUTOVICO.

MR. EDITOR,

The following lines were handed me by a young friend of mine, and were written at the age of sixteen and seventeen years. If you deem them worthy an insertion in your paper, it is well—it is well.

A SUBSCRIBER.

ON SEEING A LADY WEEP ON THE DEATH
OF HER ONLY SON.

What sounds are those, which greet my ear?
A mother's anguish—mother's woe.
See down her cheek fast flows the tear;
What is the cause of weeping so?
Alas! the coffin by her side
Encloses all she held most dear;
'Twas once her hope, 'twas once her pride;
But Death has clos'd its short career.
And oh! what anguish rends her heart!
Her reason's fled; she thinks of none
But him, from whom she's soon to part,
Her only child—her only son.
Cease fair mourner, cease to mourn,
He's freed from every sorrow here;
His spirit's fled—by angels borne
To heaven.—You'll meet him there.

JULIUS.

ON BEING ASKED WHEN WE SHOULD
MEET AGAIN?

When shall we two meet again?
When stern winter o'er the plain
Shall change his chilling blasts again,
And light-foot spring, in merry dance,
Shall o'er our beauteous scenery glance,
When the blossom's on the trees
With odours sweet perfume the breeze.
When the sky-lark's dulcet song
Again is heard the groves among,
When the wild rose blooms again,
And the modest violet seen,—
O then, I hope, we'll meet again!

JULIUS.

CONSTANT LOVE.

Green leaves will change
At the fall of the year;
Man, too, will range,
Though he constant appear.

No tie can bind him,
Tender or strong;
Ne'er will you find him
True to you long.

Old faces tease him,
Fresh beauties warm;
Yet, while they please him,
Still they may harm.

Though they may move him,
Artful as fair;
Will they e'er love him,
Make him their care?

As the roll of the surges—
The flash from the cloud—
Is their false smile that urges
To ruin the crowd.

Though they caress him
Fondly awhile,
Ne'er can they bless him,
False is their smile.

When cares shall grieve him,
Sickness bring pain,
Then will they leave him,—
None will remain.

As the snake darts in hate
From the foe it hath stung;
So false ones elate
Fly the breast they have wrong.

As glides o'er the ocean
The unmarking keel,
Is the careless emotion
Their bosoms can feel,

As a heaven of rest
To the wretched who mourn,
As the seat of the blest
To the soul that's forlorn,

Is the breast of that fair
Who can constant remain;
'Tis there, only there,
He will happiness gain.

PARTED LOVE.

"Thou wert too like a dream of heaven
For earthly love to merit thee."

We parted, and we know it was for ever—
We knew it, yet we parted; then each thought
And inmost feeling of our souls, which never
Had else been breath'd in words, rush'd forth and sought
Their sweet home in each other's hearts, and there
They lived and grew 'mid sadness and despair.

It was not with the bonds of common love
Our hearts were knit together; they had been
Silent companions in those griefs which move
And purify the soul, and we had seen
Each other's strength and truth of mind, and hence
We loved with passion's holiest confidence.

And virtue was the great bond that united
Our guileless hope in love's simplicity;
And to those higher aims we weekly slighted
The shallow feelings and weak vanity
Which the world calls affection, for our eyes
Had not been caught with smiles, our hearts with sighs.

We parted (as our hearts and loved) in duty
To Heaven and virtue, and we both resign'd
Our cherish'd trust—I all her worth and beauty,
And she th' untold devotion of my mind.
We parted in mute anguish, but we bent
Lowly to Him whose love is chastisement.

It was, perchance, her spirit had been goaded
With sufferings past its bearing—that her fall
But patient heart had been so deeply loaded
With sorrow that its chords were forced to break;
Sever'd by more than distance. I was told
Her heart amid its troubles had grown cold.

She rests in Heaven, and I—I could not follow;
My soul was crush'd, not broken; and I live
To think of all her love; and feel how hollow
Are the sick gladness the world can give.
I live in faith and holy calm to prove
My heart was not unworthy of such love.

EMMA TO EDWARD.

As Cupid was a ready boy,
I taught him soon to read and write;
The Urchin, to my greatest joy,
Has form'd six letters with delight:

The Trident E came first to view,
The doughty D then instant grew,
And close the united W:
The straddling A, by all that's good,
The first of letters, nobly stood;
Reluctant wrote the little god
The R, initial of the rod;
Again he drew the swelling D,
And, laughing, ask'd one word from me;
With EDWARD thus before my eyes,
What could my anxious heart suffice?
So calling on the Powers above,
Trembling I wrote, Oh Edward, "LOVE!"

FAREWELL.

Moments there are when sorrows sleep—
When misery's tear forgets to flow,
And o'er the captive's care-worn cheek
The breath of Heaven deigns to blow!

On this world's ever-varying stage,
Of all that's felt, or done, or spoken,
There is a slumbering season when
Association's links are broken!

When flowers, nor summer's eve, nor spring,
Nor ocean, music, winter's blast—
Nor all the mystic powers of mind,
Can break the chain that binds the past!

But there's a sad, a solemn sound,
That lies upon the ear for ever:
It comes like echo from the tomb;
'Tis heard when friends or lovers sever!

This asks for, needs no other tone
Its dreary sleeplessness to wake;
The chord on which it hangs, alone,
Dependless—will not, cannot break!

In vain Oblivion's black'ning winds
O'er the bright page of mem'ry sweep,—
They pass like white clouds o'er the moon,
Or evening breeze along the deep!

And I its deathless notes have heard;
And yet, tho' years have clos'd between,
I hear it, feel it, list it still,
As if it only now had been!

The fated chariot's dying roll,
Which bore the maid I lov'd so well;
The sigh, the look, the starting tear,
Were soon forgot—but, ah! FAREWELL!

MUSIC.

When whispering streams do softly steal
With creeping passion thro' the heart;
And when, at every touch, we feel
Our pulses beat, and bear a part;
When threads can make
A heart-string quake,
Philosophy
Can scarce deny
The soul can melt in harmony.

O lull me, lull me! charming air,
My sense is rock'd with wonders sweet;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft like a spirit's are thy feet;
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Puzzles in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Because it is often told (told).
PUZZLE II.—CL oysters (cloysters).
PUZZLE III.—Singularity.
Answer to Rebus.—Love.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
Why is a stationer's shop like a British man of war?

II.
Which island is most subject to love?

III.
Use me well, and I'm every body; scratch my back, and I am nobody.

IV.
You are requested to make one word of Men die in a fro.

CHRONOLOGY.

- A. D. *The Christian Era.*
122. Adrian built at Nisus a palace for Plotina, widow of Trajan, and spent the winter at Tarragona, in Spain.
 123. The troubles in Parthia appeased by Adrian.
 129. Adrian's journey to Africa.
 130. Aquila translated the old testament into Greek.
 131. Publications of the perpetual edict made by Salvius Julianus. Jerusalem rebuilt.
 132. The monument of Pompey rebuilt at Pelusium by Adrian.
 134. Julius Severus sent against the Jews.
 136. One hundred and eighty thousand Jews slain by the Romans. The Jews forbid to go to Jerusalem.
 138. Death of Adrian. Accession of Antoninus Pius.
 139. Apology for the Christians by Justin. The persecution continued.
 143. Secular games celebrated at Rome, the 900th year from its foundation.
 161. Death of the emperor Antoninus. Accession of Marcus Aurelius, and Elia Verus together.
 162. War with the Parthians. The Romans penetrated into Armenia and Media.
 - Fourth general persecution.
 165. Peace with the Parthians, who ceded Mesopotamia and Adiabene.
 166. The Roman Emperors sent ambassadors to China, on account of the silk trade.
 169. Beginning of the war with the Marcomanni in Germany.
 180. Death of Marcus Aurelius. Accession of Commodus his son.
 185. Conspiracy of Lucilla, sister of the Emperor, against his life. She, and all the conspirators put to death.
 186. Conspiracy, and death of Perennis, prefect of the Praetorian guards.
 188. The Capitol and libraries burnt at Rome, by fire from heaven. Considerable plague in Italy.
 191. Fire at Rome. The palace, temple of Vesta, and a great part of the town consumed.
 193. Death of Commodus on the 1st of January. Pertinax proclaimed Emperor by the Praetorian guards. Murdered by them, and succeeded by Didus Julianus, who was soon killed. Severus Emperor.
 194. Niger worsted and killed by Severus, near the Euphrates.
 196. Byzantium taken by Severus. His return to Italy.
 197. Severus defeated and slew Albinus, at Lyons. War with the Parthians.
 201. Severus defeated the Parthians, took their capital Ctesiphon, and subdued the Arabs and Adiabenis.
 202. Fifth general persecution.
 203. St. Irenaeus martyred at Rome.
 207. Tertullian, a father in the church, flourished.
 208. Severus and his two sons in Britain.
 209. Termination of the war against the Caledonians. Wall of Severus built in Britain.
 210. Death of Severus, at York. Accession of his sons Caracalla and Geta.
 212. Geta murdered in the arms of his mother, by his brother Caracalla.
 216. Artabanus, King of the Parthians, surprised by the Roman Emperor, and his country laid waste.
 217. Caracalla put to death, and succeeded by Opius Macrinus.
 218. Macrinus, and his son Diadumenianus, slain by the soldiers. Heliogabalus succeeded.
 222. Heliogabalus slain in a tumult, and succeeded by Alexander Severus. The Christians permitted the exercise of their religion.
 225. Excellent laws made by Alexander. Mathematicians permitted to teach in Rome.
 226. Artabanus, King of the Parthians, and last of the Arsacidae, was defeated and slain by Artaxerxes, a supposed descendant of the ancient Kings of Persia.
 229. Ulpien, the lawyer, juris-consult, prefect of the Praetorian guards, slain by the soldiers.
 231. Origen flourished.
 235. Alexander, with his mother, put to death by the soldiers. Maximin usurped the empire. Sixth general persecution.
 237. Gordians, father and son, proclaimed Emperors, at Carthage. Balbinus and Pupianus chosen by the Senate. Maximin slain by the soldiers.
 238. Balbinus and Pupianus put to death by the Praetorian band. Gordians, son of the younger Gordians, began to reign at 13.
 241. Sapor, King of Persia, seized Mesopotamia, and threatened Antioch.
 - A party of Franks, a people of Lower Germany, defeated in Gaul.
 244. The Emperor Gordian put to death by Philip, who succeeded him.
 248. Secular games 1000 years after the foundation of Rome. Theatre of Pompey reduced to ashes.
 - St. Cyprian chosen bishop of Carthage.

THE MINERVA.

Is published every Saturday by E. B. LEE & E. WHITE, 384 Broadway, at Four Dollars per annum, (paid in advance), or Five Dollars, if credit is taken, payable by half-yearly instalments. Subscribers may commence with any number; but no subscription will be received for a less period than half a year.

All communications to be addressed "To the Editor of the Minerva, New-York."

J. E. BROWN, printer, 43 John-street.